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JOURNALISTIC REMUNERATION.

THE remuneration of writers generally proves an interesting subject in these days when so many people of all grades and classes make use of the pen as a walking-stick ; nevertheless this is a side of the great question strangely neglected by the so-called hand-books to journalism. People who only write occasionally have, as a rule, very curious ideas of what their efforts are worth from a mercenary point of view, and it must be understood that in this article no attempt is to be made to compare or dilate upon the incomes of salaried journalists, the enlightenment of the 'fugitive contributor' alone being considered.

There can be little doubt that the great literary boom, concerning which that veteran journalist, Mr James Payn, prophesied some sixteen years ago, is now in our midst. Nearly every day sees the birth of some new issue, and hence in London, where papers on the bookstalls are returnable, the bookstalls at the railway stations threaten to extend into the tunnels, so great is the strain upon their accommodation. It is still, however, the custom to speak slightlying of journalism as an ill-paid and half-starved profession ; Mr Stead has said that a man must be unusually mentally active, and ever on the alert, to make four or five pounds a week ; but the latter observation was made some few years ago, and hardly applies to the present state of affairs in the journalistic world. In fact, an energetic and capable 'free-lance' can pick up a very snug little income, untrammelled by any of the drawbacks of an office life ; and while all cannot be members of the regular staff of a newspaper, it should be remembered that there is always room for good copy, even in the most exclusive of journals. Unquestionably most of the best writing for the Press is done by the 'free-lance' ; his articles must be good or they will be rejected.

The *Times* will pay from five to ten guineas for an article contributed by a correspondent, and rather than lose a good one, considerably more. If one has really got anything to say of

great public interest, or any information of a peculiarly exclusive character, it is always better to begin with the Jupiter of Printing House Square. No paper is more prompt and courteous in returning unsuitable manuscript, provided, of course, that the golden rule of always enclosing a fully stamped and addressed envelope is carefully attended to. The rate on the other great London dailies is, as a rule, two guineas per column ; the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Post* all paying that sum. Formerly the *Daily Chronicle* would have nothing to do with that obsolete coin, the guinea, reckoning its remuneration in pounds, and that at the rate of one to a column ; but with increased circulation the rate has probably made a corresponding advance. Articles exceeding a column in length, or at the most a column and a 'stick,' are not encouraged. As a well-known newspaper manager once told the writer, articles should just turn the column and no more ; space being an important consideration with all editors, and therefore allowance for copy exceeding the column is rarely given, payment being in reality two guineas for an article rather than per column ; though the *Daily News* always gives its contributors the benefit for all that is printed. The 'halfpenny' mornings vary so much in size, that it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rule concerning their scale of remuneration. A guinea and a half per column will be found near the mark, the latter being the rate on that extremely prosperous venture, the *Daily Mail* ; while the provincial dailies rarely exceed an honorarium of one guinea. The daily morning journals, however, take very little from outsiders, having large staffs and correspondents of their own in all parts of the world ; therefore the free-lance will do far better by bombarding the evening papers with his lucubrations, since for their copy these subsist to a far greater extent upon that sent in from extraneous quarters.

Among the London evening newspapers the *Pall Mall Gazette* holds pride of place for most munificently rewarding its contributors, two

guineas per column being the usual rate, while for special articles a good deal more is given. The *Evening Standard*, whose literary matter is practically confined to the entertaining essays that form the leading feature of its outside page, pays for them at the rate of two guineas a column, but a contributor fortunate enough to receive a proof will have to wait some time before his article will appear. The *St James's Gazette* at one time was said to pay as much as three guineas for an article, now the remuneration is a guinea and a half, while should the copy submitted be converted into a 'leader,' two guineas will be allowed. The *Westminster Gazette* pays a guinea and a half per column ; and during Baron Grant's régime this was the sum given by the *Echo*, which now rarely renders more than a guinea. The *Globe* rewards the writers of its 'turnovers' with a guinea ; and as with such small paper space is very much cramped, littérateurs should be careful to cut their effusions intended for this journal as short as possible.

The weekly reviews, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, &c., give as much as five guineas for accepted articles, but in their case special attention should be drawn to the editorial warning that the sending of a proof is no guarantee of acceptance. The editors of these periodicals appear to agree with the dictum of everything reading raw in manuscript, and not improbably strike a proof of anything that seems promising. Again, contributors should be careful to keep copies of their manuscript, since the rule that no rejected matter can be returned, even when stamps are enclosed, is rigidly adhered to.

The remuneration for the letterpress of the weekly illustrated papers it is impossible to define ; for since this class of journal is so entirely at the mercy of the art-editor, contributing articles to them is fraught with a good deal of uncertainty. Probably no papers have done more towards bettering the condition of the middle-class author and sharp paragrapher than those of what are known as the 'bits' class. During its early years *Tit-Bits*, the forerunner of innumerable similar productions, only paid one guinea for its weekly prize-story, outside contributions for its other columns not being invited ; now, however, one guinea per column is the rate throughout the paper, and quite recently a special premium page has been instituted on which the remuneration is at double the above. *Answers*, the *Success*, the *Golden Penny* all pay one guinea per column ; and the first-named by the weekly award of a five-pound note for what is considered the best article in each issue may be said to reward its fortunate recipient in a truly liberal manner. *Pearson's Weekly* gives two guineas a column for original articles ; and this shall close our list.

One of the most important considerations, however, to the great army of writers is the question of when they are paid for their work. A paper might offer to pay ten pounds a column, but if one had to wait several years for it, the brilliancy of such an arrangement would in the meantime lose some of its lustre. In America many magazines and newspapers pay promptly on acceptance, and it is often urged that English editors should follow their example. Over here monthly settlements are the general rule, though a few offices like the *Daily News*, for instance, pay

their contributors weekly. One of the promptest newspapers under the former arrangement is the *St James's Gazette*, which mails its cheques on the first of each month, while the majority clear them off as fast as circumstances will permit ; at any rate contributors need suffer no uneasiness on this score.

Much also has been written concerning the relations between editor and contributor, clerical editors being frequently singled out as being sadly deficient in the rules of official politeness ; as a matter of fact, high-class trade journals are the most punctilious in this respect, their courtesy and good-feeling often coming as a surprise to those who have received what to them may seem unnecessary rebuffs in the gentle art of contributing manuscripts—as far as the general run of periodicals is concerned.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

CHAPTER XI. (continued).

THE case is as follows, my lord. This evening, after General Roche's death, and when His Majesty had entered the palace with you, my first work was to pack the troops back to their barracks, then to see that the traitor's body was conveyed to the mortuary to await burial. After that had been done I doubled the sentries on the walls in case the French should come up as Roche had arranged, and then set off to find the man who had been my wretched predecessor's accomplice. Taking a sergeant and half-a-dozen men with me, I searched every part of the citadel in which he could possibly have found a hiding-place, but without success. At last, however, a man came to report having seen the individual in question crouching behind the great water-tanks between the barracks and the arsenal. Thither we repaired and captured our man. He did not attempt to resist, but whined continually for mercy, imagining, I can only suppose, that he would be soon put to death. I did not undeceive him, but had him conveyed to the guardroom, where I questioned him regarding the plot in which he had assisted. However good a conspirator he may have been, he proved a despicable coward when driven into a corner. At first his answers were evasive, and he devoted himself to denying all connection with the conspiracy in question. Seeing this, I resolved to play a game of bluff, and, summoning the sergeant, ordered him to take a couple of files and lead the man to a secluded place behind the arsenal and shoot him at once. This brought the fellow to his senses. He grovelled upon the floor, implored mercy, and finally confessed outright. From what he said I gathered that Roche and himself were alone concerned in the plot. None of the other officers of the garrison nor the palace officials played any part in it whatever. I questioned him as to Roche's intentions in the event of success crowning their efforts, and learnt the following. It appears that the garrison was to march out and be annihilated in the jungle about twenty miles from the city. The French were then to walk in without resistance. Roche was to receive a reward of ten thousand pounds and an important position in the Tonquin forces, while he, my informant, it was arranged should receive five thousand francs as his share of the infamous transaction.'

'But in the event of their not being successful, what was to happen then?' I asked.

'That is exactly what I am coming to,' he answered. 'At first the fellow seemed reluctant to tell me, but upon my rising from my seat and bidding the sergeant lead him off to execution he soon found his tongue; and this is what came out. In the event of the messenger not returning to the camp with the order for the troops to advance, twenty-four hours were to elapse. Then if all were satisfactory at the citadel and the necessary arrangements had been made, exactly at ten o'clock on the night following, Roche was to display two lanterns on the western wall for five minutes, to be followed by a single lantern, which would be swung to and fro for three. A horseman who had been watching from a spot in the jungle would then set off and convey the intelligence to the commanders of the troops, who would at once advance, Roche agreeing to let them in by the main gate before daylight.'

'The scoundrel—the double-dyed treacherous scoundrel,' I cried, striking my fist upon the table. 'But surely, Prennan, there may be some way in which we can turn this to account.'

'That is exactly why I worried you with my news to-night,' replied Prennan. 'Had it been less important I should have kept it to myself until to-morrow.'

'I am glad you did not. But there is one thing we must find out first,' I said, 'and that is where the force that is to attack the citadel is encamped. Do you know?'

'In the jungle about thirty miles to the westward of the city I believe,' he answered. 'But I do not know the exact locality—however, we should have no difficulty in obtaining it from the prisoner. If you wish it I will go and question him at once.'

'That would be the better plan I think,' I answered. Then as an idea struck me I continued: 'On second thoughts I think I will accompany you. Where shall we find the prisoner?'

'In the cells behind the barracks my lord,' he replied. 'I have placed a sentry over him that there may be no possible chance of his escaping.'

'Very good. Then if you will lead the way, I will follow you.'

'But you are worn out—and?—'

'And the business upon which we are embarking is more important than any feeling of fatigue, I believe you were going to say. Come, come, general,' I interrupted, 'let us get on. The sooner we have questioned him and I have ascertained what I want to know the sooner I shall be able to get to my bed.'

With that we let ourselves out by a side-door, and proceeded across the great courtyard, now chill with the newness of the morning, and past the barracks to the cells where the man in question was confined. A sentry with loaded rifle was pacing up and down the stones before the door, but when he saw us enter the yard, he halted and came to the present. The general had taken the precaution to keep the key himself; with it he now opened the door, and we entered.

It was evident the prisoner had not attempted to sleep, but was still seated on his bed-place just as his guard had left him, waiting with a scared face for his sentence to be pronounced upon him. The lantern which was placed outside the window

did not give a very good light, so I brought it in and hung it upon a nail above the bed. Having done this I turned to examine the man before me. He was a tall fellow with a not unhandsome face; wore a large beard and moustache, was well set up, and evidently of decent birth. There was, however, something about his face that seemed strangely familiar to me, though I could not tell where I had met it before. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and a second later I turned to Prennan and said in German:

'Will you oblige me by sending for a barber? I want to have this fellow shaved.'

He looked surprised, but imagining I had some very good reason for my singular request, did as I asked without comment. When the man arrived, the operation was performed, not, however, without a show of reluctance upon the prisoner's part. While the work was proceeding, I took the general outside, and after it was finished led him into the cell again.

'Now,' I said, 'oblige me by looking at the man, and tell me where you have seen him before. I think it is just possible you may see a likeness to some one you have met.'

Prennan looked and then turned sharply round to me.

'He is the native who attempted the king's life on his wedding day, and who swore he did not know a word of French. I should recognise him anywhere.'

At this the prisoner, imagining that his doom was decreed, fell upon his knees and whined pitifully for mercy.

'Get up,' said the general, with an expression of disgust upon his face such as I cannot hope to describe to you. 'If you want to save your miserable life, you had better collect your wits and prepare to answer truthfully the questions his lordship is going to put to you. Otherwise you die in an hour.'

'I will answer,' whined the man, licking his dry lips and almost grovelling in his eagerness to betray his friends. 'I swear to you I will answer truthfully any questions you may put to me.'

'Then tell us where the French force is located that was to march in here to-night,' I said.

'They are encamped on a plain in the jungle twenty-nine miles to the westward of the city.'

'Whereabouts is this plain?'

'It is three miles beyond the lake in the hills, called by the natives the lake of A-Thou.'

I turned to Prennan, who knew the country as well as any man in it.

'Do you know the place?' I asked.

'I know the lake of A-Thou well enough,' he answered, 'but I do not know the plain he speaks of. To the best of my knowledge, it is all dense jungle thereabouts, into which very few natives have penetrated.'

I turned to the prisoner again.

'If you are deceiving me, it will be the worse for you. Supposing I gave you the chance, could you lead us to this plain you speak of?'

'With my eyes shut,' he answered confidently. 'If you will but spare my life, I will take you there in almost half the time that you would reach it by any other road. I know a way through a certain pass in the hills that cuts off half the distance.'

'Do the French know of this short cut?'

'Perfectly well. I showed it to their commander myself only a week ago.'

'And how long will it take us to reach this pass proceeding on foot?'

'Not more than four hours. I did the distance myself on foot in that time.'

'Could you take us there under cover of night?'

'Day or night will be the same to me.'

I looked at Prennan and he looked at me. I then informed the prisoner that we would give him a decision in an hour, and signing to the general to follow me, left the cell, taking the precaution to remove the lantern, and to lock the door carefully after us when we went out. I could scarcely contain my eagerness, and once back in my own room I spoke.

'If what this man has told us proves to be true,' I said, reaching down a map from the wall, 'we may be able to turn Roche's treachery to good account after all. The enemy, as you are aware, have distributed their forces as follows: One portion is here, within the frontier, and was yesterday defeated by General Du Berg. A second is now encamped in the jungle, which I will mark here. That is the force which is to seize the capital, and having garrisoned it is to turn south and fall upon the king's army in the rear. The third, which is also the weakest, is hastening up from the eastward in this direction in order to afford support to that engaged by Du Berg. Now the plan I have in my mind is as follows: You must remember no word has been carried to the foe that their plot has failed. Therefore we must allow no one out of the citadel to-morrow with one exception to be mentioned directly. As soon as dusk has fallen, to-morrow, or rather this evening, since it is now morning, every man that can be spared must march out to the pass mentioned by the prisoner we have just left, under his guidance. Once there they will prepare to take the enemy by surprise as they are marching through the ravine. At ten o'clock the signal with the lanterns will be given from the battlements as arranged, the messenger will depart satisfied, and the force will then start for the city. The rest should be easy. Now to go back a little. A despatch informing Du Berg of all that has occurred must be written at once and forwarded by a messenger we can trust. If the foe are inclined to show fight, he must either attack them and drive them back as far as possible, or leave half his force to hold them in check while he proceeds across country to meet us on the plain upon the other side, and cut off the stragglers as they emerge. By the end of the week we should have the reserves and native allies in readiness to co-operate with him and drive the third detachment towards him; the rest should be only a matter of time. What do you think of my scheme?'

'It strikes me as admirable. If it can only be worked out—which should not be difficult.'

'In that case I will draft the despatches while you find a messenger whom you can trust. He must be a reliable man in every way, and on no account must he let what I shall write fall into the enemy's hands.'

'I know the very man for the work. I will call him up at once.'

'Please do so. If you will have him ready to start in an hour, I shall have prepared my letter by that time.'

He left the room, and I settled myself down at my table to write. It was broad daylight by the time I had finished, and I was so weary I could scarcely open my eyes or move my limbs. Then the messenger had to be examined, instructed, and despatched, after which I went softly along the corridor and knocked at the king's bedroom door. The doctor answered it, and on seeing who it was, came into the passage to speak to me.

'How is your patient?' I asked anxiously.

'In a very critical condition, my lord,' he answered. 'I fear the case is even more serious than we imagine. But I shall be able to tell you something more definite by mid-day, I hope.'

I thanked him, and, with an aching heart, went back to my own room. It looked as if I should require all my strength for the work that would have to be accomplished before I should get to bed again. In less than five minutes I was on my bed enjoying such sleep as I had never known in my life before.

(To be continued.)

GOLD-MINING IN NEW ZEALAND.

By A NEW ZEALAND JOURNALIST.

THERE is a big, jagged tongue of land, projecting northwards into the sea, on the east coast of the north island of New Zealand. The long rollers of the Pacific break on its outer side, and it acts in some measure as a break-wind for the waters of the Hauraki Gulf, at the head of which lies the picturesque city of Auckland. This projecting tongue of land is called the Coromandel or Hauraki Peninsula, and is the scene of the present gold-mining revival which has attracted the eyes of English capitalists to New Zealand with a fresh interest.

The Coromandel Peninsula is a network of hills and valleys of all sizes and shapes, as if a sea of molten earth and rock had suddenly become solid in the moment of its wildest commotion. Those rugged hills and hollows are mostly covered with New Zealand bush—a somewhat impenetrable combination of high forest trees and dense vegetable undergrowth. Beneath this shaggy coating of bush, imprisoned in reefs in the hills and valleys, lies the gold, which at present is the subject of so much talk and sanguine expectations. The knowledge that the Coromandel Peninsula is auriferous throughout its length and breadth, and very richly auriferous in many places, is certainly not of recent date. Earliest of all the discoveries of gold in this colony was that at the Kapanga in Coromandel in 1852. But the later discoveries of alluvial deposits in the Middle Island quickly drew diggers away to those tempting El Dorados where a 'wages claim' often meant £8 to £10 per man per week, and a single dish of 'wash dirt' has been known to pan out as much as eighty ounces of gold. Then, later on, the Maori war put a stop to Coromandel mining; and after the war was over, the stiff-necked opposition of Maori proprietors in the Peninsula to the prosecution of mining on their lands was for a time a serious obstacle to eager prospectors and miners. At length, in 1867, a large area of land, leased from the natives, was proclaimed a

gold-field, and within two years from that time duty had been paid at Auckland on over £264,000 worth of gold from the new gold-field. Very brilliant, indeed, are the early annals of the Hauraki gold-mining district. The mines of Coromandel proper quickly made a name for themselves as astonishingly liberal, though erratic, producers of gold; and during the first decade of the existence of the Thames gold-field, gold to the value of over four million pounds sterling was entered for exportation at Auckland. One Thames mine alone paid its lucky shareholders £500,000 the first year that it was started. Fortunes were, indeed, made with exciting rapidity at that time. But by degrees this pleasant state of things ceased to prevail. The extraordinarily rich deposits of gold near the surface became exhausted, and capital was required for developing the reefs at lower levels, and for prospecting for fresh gold-fields in the rough forest country. Quartz-reefing is not like alluvial gold-digging, and Hauraki gold is not too easy to win. Capital was not forthcoming. New Zealand seems, even at that time, to have lost her early knack for breeding capitalists, and the Hauraki gold-fields had not then caught the eye of English gentlemen of that species. So it came about that mining in the Peninsula languished and fell into disrepute as a money-making industry. Nevertheless, it has been continuously pursued, with various lapses and accessions of energy, and for four or five years past has been showing signs of reawakening animation which have suddenly culminated, during the last eighteen months, in a wonderful display of life and activity.

It was really the splendid vitality of one particular mine that first spread abroad the impression of a general revival of mining throughout the Hauraki district, and attracted the attention of people outside the colony. This mine is the 'Waihi,' well known now as a rich bullion producer. The 'Waihi,' which is situated in one of a series of curious, isolated conical hills, surrounded by swampy plains, in the south of the Peninsula, was not much more than paying its way ten years ago, but since then its annual output of gold has been constantly increasing, latterly by such magnificent leaps and bounds that during the last four years bullion to the value of nearly £400,000 has been won from the comparatively limited workings of this mine.

About a couple of years ago, when the success of the 'Waihi' had wakened up the Peninsula, an additional fillip was given to the energies of mine-owners and miners by the discovery of rich ore in a mine, belonging to the Hauraki Company, at Coromandel. A great deal of money had been lately expended in attempts to develop this mine, with a discouraging lack of the results looked for, when a patch of very rich ore was discovered, by a queer accident, in a section worked by a party of four tributaries, who, making good use of their time, managed to get out about £12,000 worth of gold before their tribute lease expired, and the company eagerly resumed possession of the unexpectedly precious section. Since then the work done in the mine has been giving capital returns, and the company paid dividends last year to the amount of £60,000.

Though brilliant discoveries are almost certain

to result from systematic prospecting in the virgin ground of the back country, it is agreed that quite as good results may be obtained from plenty of cross-driving in old levels, and opening out lower levels, in mines abandoned as worked out or not worth working. The Thames is a low-lying district, and for want of a sufficiently effective pumping plant there, it has never been practicable to keep the water in the mines beneath the five hundred feet level. So, though the lodes above that level are pretty well worked out now, those beneath it have never been explored. Experts believe, however, that the ore, which has proved so rich and plentiful in the upper portions of the reef, will carry downwards, and the great likelihood of this being the case has induced English capitalists to invest largely in Thames mines. One English company, which has become the owner of certain mines in the heart of the Thames gold-field, is now vigorously carrying on their extensive operations that will eventually result in the deep drainage of the mines of this locality. The New Zealand government is defraying part of the necessarily large expenditure with a subsidy of pound per pound. It is needless to say that the proceedings of this energetic English company are being watched with much interest, for there are strong probabilities that, when the reefs are opened out at lower levels, Thames mines may more than renew their munificent youth.

The Hauraki gold-mining district has an area of about a hundred miles in length and from seven to twenty miles in breadth, and the ore found in its different gold-fields varies considerably in character. In the Coromandel and Thames gold-fields the ore is for the most part what is termed 'free milling,' and gives comparatively little trouble. In the Te Aroha gold-field, in the far south of the Peninsula, the ore is mostly of a very refractory nature, a complex sulphide ore, for which no treatment seems yet to have been found which is at the same time satisfactory and not too expensive. It is believed, however, that at the present time some of the ore in the Waikomo mines at the Thames, which is of the same kind as the Te Aroha ore, is being subjected to an experimental treatment which promises to fulfil the necessary requirements. If it really does so, there is little doubt that Te Aroha, with its vast quantity of gold-bearing stone, will become a highly remunerative gold-field. In the treatment of the bullion ore of the Ohinemuri gold-field, to which the flourishing mines of the Waihi, Karangahake, and Waitekauri districts belong, the cyanide process has been found to give eminently satisfactory results; and it has also proved very effective in dealing with the ore in the Kuaotunu mines (in the Coromandel field), where the gold occurs in the quartz in such a minutely divided state that it is finer than the dust on a butterfly's wing. In fact, over fifty per cent. of the gold obtained of late in the Hauraki district has been extracted by leaching the ore with cyanide solutions.

Certainly the cyanide process has had a large share in promoting the present great 'boom' of the mining industry in this colony. For not only has it stimulated native energy and talent by demonstrating how mines, hitherto worked at a loss, could be rendered highly profitable, but it

has also, through the eloquent success of the 'Waihi' mine, introduced the mineral resources of the Hauraki Peninsula to the practical notice of the British investor.

The present 'boom' has had a very vivifying effect on the general aspect of things in the Coromandel Peninsula. The Peninsula townships, great and small, which used to wear a dead-and-dull look, out of their close sympathy with the mining industry have brightened up astonishingly, and are now full of prosperous bustle, alive with hurrying people, and noisy with the complex din of shouting men and clanking trucks and of great engines and heavy stamping batteries in vigorous operation. They are also energetically building more houses and halls and hotels to meet the demands for accommodation and entertainment of their suddenly augmented populations. A cheerful sense of 'something going on' seems to pervade the atmosphere, even in those wild sylvan fastnesses where the prospector and miner have not yet begun to tear the forest covering off the land and make ugly gashes in the sides of the hills.

The influence of the Hauraki mining revival has made itself more or less felt in all the big commercial centres throughout the colony, but nowhere, naturally, to the same extent as in the city of Auckland, which has the gold-fields, so to speak, almost at its doors. When the Hauraki mines were in their shining prime, many years ago, Aucklanders rushed to the Coromandel in such numbers that there were scarcely vessels enough in the harbour to take them across there. In the 'boom' now on, instead of flocking to the Coromandel, they flock to the Auckland stock exchange, where, to meet the excited rush, a 'free' stock exchange was established for a time. Never in the annals of Auckland has there been such a floating of new companies, and such a tremendous traffic in shares as within the last eighteen months or so. Never have Auckland brokers had such a busy time. To cope with the necessities of their situation, a new association of brokers has been formed, and the old greatly reinforced. But still, the business to be overtaken has compelled them to work to such late hours that the labour inspector has deemed it his duty, in the interests of the clerks, to occasionally make midnight raid on the stockbrokers' offices. The share list has swollen to such an enormous extent that it takes an hour and a half to 'call' it over. It is also found necessary to have three 'calls' daily, the first at 9.30 A.M. Knots of eager-faced, eager-voiced men throng the part of the exchange open to the public, and there you may see a broker, prosperous and well-groomed in aspect, in earnest confabulation with a rough-looking miner, in a Crimea shirt and bell-bottomed trousers, the Sir Crackle of the moment, just over from Coromandel with the graphic details of the latest bit of mining news. All over the town the talk is of mining topics. In the city restaurants in the lunching hours, any chance words distinguishable above the general hum of conversation are sure to relate to mining matters. When friends meet in the street they exchange, instead of remarks about the weather, straight 'tips' in regard to their favourite mining shares. In the trams taking the business men back to their homes in the suburbs there is

always a rapid and large exchange of pennies and papers when the newsboy enters with his bundle of *Evening Stars*, and then the eyes of all the men seek, with comical simultaneity, the column with the latest share quotations in their respective papers.

Even the women have caught the fever of mining speculation, and it is said that at afternoon teas they discuss rises and falls in the share market in a very knowing way, while they commiserate with poor Mrs X, whose shares in the 'Never Say Die' have dropped to a fourth of what she paid for them, and congratulate Mrs Y on having sold yesterday, at ten and sixpence, the eight hundred 'Golden Hopes' she bought last week at a shilling. Their sex is already represented on the exchange; but a lady stockbroker can only be regarded as a natural phenomenon in the first country in Her Majesty's dominions that has given its women the franchise, and produced a lady mayor.

Some of the new mining stocks are so low-priced that a schoolboy, with half-a-crown in his pocket, may become the happy possessor of a dozen shares, and an unbounded confidence that the rise in those shares will shortly enable him to buy a 'Humber' bicycle. One may even be allowed to entertain the hope that the shilling he has generously bestowed on the deserving tramp at the door may, if judiciously invested on the exchange, prove the foundation of a life-long competence to the man.

Of course it is scarcely necessary to point out that a great deal of this traffic in mining stock is simply a species of gambling. Many of the speculators, men as well as women, know nothing about the mines in which they invest. They scarcely trouble themselves to inquire if there is a mine of any kind represented by the shares they buy. All they care to know is that the shares are likely to rise, for they hold them simply to sell again when that happens.

As might be expected during a period of excited mining speculation like the present, more or less worthless mining companies have sprung up alongside of those reliable ones that are, in part, the product of the boom, and in part make for its steady continuance; but such worthless companies belong to a species of small fry that are born and live—or die—in the local share-market, and have never a chance of injuring the credit of the colony, or the pockets of investors outside of New Zealand. As for the local miners, experience, the proverb tells us, is the teacher of a certain class of people.

The capital so long and urgently required for the development of our New Zealand quartz reefs is at length finding its way here in a steady stream from abroad. Already a considerable number of mines are in the hands of English companies, and the last dividends paid by two of them—'Waihi' and 'Hauraki'—were certainly of an amount to stimulate the further investment of British capital in mining properties in the Hauraki district. South African capitalists, whom the partial paralysis of mining affairs in the Transvaal through the recent troubles there has caused to look abroad for investments, have also shown an anxiety to acquire New Zealand mining properties, on which their experts have reported most favourably.

Though the late increase in the output of gold from the Hauraki mines generally has been of a very satisfactory nature, and some of the mines in the hands of New Zealand and foreign companies have already given earnest of a promise to rival the success of the 'Waihi,' it is scarcely to be expected that the majority of mining properties will endow their shareholders with large fortunes. Of course, of a country like the Coromandel, where even the resources of the mines in operation are only partially known, and which has vast areas of virgin auriferous ground as yet unprospected, no one can predict what treasures of gold and silver may be there unearthed. But still, it is likely that a large quantity of the ore 'grassed' will always be of a low grade. This likelihood need suggest nothing very discouraging, however. With first-class appliances for extracting and saving the gold, low-grade ore can be made to give, at least, bread and butter profits. This has been proved for many years in the Transvaal and in Victoria. Miners in this colony have always regarded fifteen pennyweight of gold per ton as the minimum return for which quartz can be profitably worked; but in the Rand, where their command of large capital has enabled them to carry on mining with the latest and most effective machinery and scientific appliances, eleven to twelve pennyweight per ton is found to give good profits. In Victoria profitable returns have been continuously obtained from ore of a poorer grade than that met with in the Hauraki gold-fields, in those high reefs which the miners term 'barren,' and which have hitherto been despised and neglected.

Though the alluvial diggings even yet contribute more to the annual output of gold in New Zealand than the quartz workings, the returns from the latter are very rapidly increasing, and it is the quartz workings that are certainly to be regarded as the permanent gold-fields of the colony.

Quartz-refining in the Coromandel Peninsula is, according to reliable mining authorities, little more than in its infancy as yet; but if in the physiology of an industry the saying that the father is fitter to the man holds good, then very great things indeed may be expected from the mature development of mining in the Hauraki gold-fields.

THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

CHAPTER V.

THE picnic in Plunkett Settlement was one of the events of the year. The members of the two religious denominations comprising the great bulk of the population were accustomed each autumn to unite their forces and hold a picnic for the benefit of the young people; but there were very few old people who stayed away if attendance were at all possible. The spot selected for the one to which it is now necessary that we refer, was a pleasant meadow where elm trees offered shade and facilities for swings, and the smooth sward was suitable for the various games. The Hedgleys and the Haskins were there, and if the elders did not manifest any marked in-

terest in each other's welfare, it might have been observed that Ben and May invariably welcomed with a kind of subdued satisfaction any chance that enabled them to approach each other without exciting comment or prompting the suspicion that they connived at such a result. For they had decided that open rebellion would not be the most prudent course to pursue, and were for the time content to accept a few brief words betimes and eloquent glances in the intervals, in lieu of the closer companionship for which they longed. Mr Hedgley had not discussed the matter with May herself further than to warn her that he did not wish to see her with Ben Haskins again. She had made no reply whatever, and the matter had dropped there. It is just possible that more would have been said, but the thought that old Haskins didn't think May good enough for Ben, which had been working in Mr Hedgley's brain since his conversation with the latter, had somewhat nettled him and changed his point of view of the whole affair.

We are not concerned with the picnic in general. The day was fine, and the people bent on enjoyment. The scene was bright with life, and colour, and movement, and the children, at least, were supremely happy. To one of these the reader is indebted for even a passing reference here to the Plunkett Settlement picnic. Billy Hedgley, May's brother, a lad of twelve years, was smitten with an ambition for tree-climbing. Selecting a lofty elm, he pulled himself up among its branches, nearly to the top, where a slender stem deviated from the main trunk. Swinging himself out on this, he swayed it to and fro in high glee, and to the great envy of some less courageous boys below. But presently he swung with too much weight and the stem split partly from the parent trunk, and the next moment he was suspended in mid-air in such a position that he could not regain the tree. The stem would have split clear off and sent him headlong to the ground, but that it was partly sustained by a branch over which it bent.

The boy's position was perilous in the extreme. To lose his grip would be to go headlong down, perhaps to death. If he tried to scramble back, the stem might snap off altogether and so hurl him down. There was nothing for it but to cling to the stem and scream for help. His cries and those of his companions speedily brought a crowd to the spot.

How was he to be extricated from his terrible position? To climb the same tree was out of the question, for he was so far out from the trunk that his rescuer would have to depend on the branches, which would not bear the double weight of the boy and of a man strong enough to release him. Every moment increased the probability that Billy would lose his grip and fall. Women and children screamed, and men ran hither and thither. Billy's mother sank upon the ground wringing her hands and moan-

ing in anguish. Already several men were in the tree, but the first to climb soon discovered that the boy could not be reached that way with safety.

Ben Haskins came running up and took in the situation. He saw at a glance that hope lay in one direction only. Not far from the first tree stood another, straight and slender, but the summit reaching some distance above the level of the stem to which the boy clung. If the top could be bent over far enough the boy could be reached. How either the intending rescuer or the boy would then fare he did not stop to think. May's hand was on his arm, and her eyes searching his face imploringly, as she cried in wild entreaty. 'Oh Ben. Can't you do something?'

'Yes,' Ben answered between his teeth.

In a twinkling his coat was off, and he was swinging himself lightly up the smaller tree.

Billy, pale but determined, clinging to his perch, watched him with eager eyes, while the crowd below stood back and stared.

'You can't do it, Ben,' shouted Mr Haskins. 'You can't reach him there.'

'Yes, I can,' said Ben in a cheery tone. 'Hang on, Billy. I'll be with you in a minute.'

Up the tree he went, measuring the distance with his eye, till he had reached the proper height. Then he swayed cautiously toward Billy. The tree bent very slowly under his weight. Taking a firm grip with his left hand, and throwing one foot also round the tree, he surged outward, and the supple stem bent like a whip, carrying him down till his right hand was within reach of the boy.

'It'll break! It'll break!' shouted the men below; but Ben paid no heed.

He knew that the tree he was on would not bear Billy's weight and his own, and allow them both to escape that way, but he hoped to be able to assist Billy in regaining a safe position on his own tree.

It was a moment of fearful anxiety to those below. Should both fall, death or serious injury was certain; and there seemed no other way.

Ben was the coolest of them all. He reached down and took a firm grip of Billy's collar and told the boy in a perfectly calm and encouraging tone to try and crawl back along the broken stem.

Billy obeyed without a moment's hesitation. But his position was such that he had to turn himself round before moving toward the tree. In doing so he partly missed his hold, and clutching awkwardly, surged so heavily that the stem was split farther down and would no longer bear his weight. But for Ben's grip he would have fallen. But the double weight was too much for Ben's tree, and it began to bend dangerously. If he could swing Billy in among the branches of the other tree, the latter might hold on and save himself from falling, or at most tumble from branch to branch and perhaps escape without much injury. It was now the only chance. Nerving himself for a stern effort, for he himself hung in an awkward position on the under side of his tree, he swung the boy clear of the broken stem, and by a supreme exertion threw him bodily toward the larger tree.

Billy snatched like a cat at the branches, and

his climbing proclivities came to his aid for once with good results. He caught a branch, swung from it to another, and in a twinkling was hugging the body of the tree in safety.

It fared not so well with his rescuer. Ben, in swinging the boy clear had lost his own foothold, and now hung by one hand. He quickly clutched with the other also, but the tree could not right itself under his weight, and he could not climb hand over hand back by the way he had come. He could move the other way, but that would cause the tree to bend more, and ultimately break. The one chance was that he, too, might, when it went down, come within reach of a branch of the other tree and break the force of his fall.

It was a moment of horrible suspense to those below. They had given a great cry of relief when Billy reached a place of safety, but now their anxiety was redoubled.

But it was all over in a moment. Ben's mind was made up in an instant, and he began very cautiously to move himself by sheer muscular force toward the end of the stem to which he clung. He knew he must presently let go and fall, but he might reach the other tree. Presently an ominous snap warned him, and he pulled himself together for another ordeal. The tree had broken beneath his weight. As well as a man might, whose feet were treading air, he lurched toward the other tree and let go. A shriek went up from below. Several of the men had seized a shawl with the idea of holding it up to break his fall, if that should happen; but Ben did not fall there. He caught a branch of the large tree and swung out under it. Had it been strong, his iron grip would have sustained him, but it split down from the tree under the terrific impetus of his falling weight, and poor Ben went down in a heap, the side of his head striking heavily against a projecting root.

He lay there motionless. They crowded eagerly round him, with exclamations of pity and horror; for his cool daring and gallant act had thrilled them, as human hearts are ever thrilled by brave deeds, whether performed in the seclusion of Plunkett Settlement or in the gaze of a larger world.

But it was May Hedgley, with face as white as the dress she wore, who held Ben's bruised head in her lap while his weeping mother washed and bandaged the wound as best she could. And not even the bitterest gossip in the settlement saw in the act the slightest impropriety. Nobody thought now of Billy. He had clambered down the tree and hovered about the outskirts of the crowd, appalled at the outcome of his foolhardiness. Water was quickly brought, and gradually Ben returned to consciousness. But it was then discovered that his arm was broken as well as his head injured, and that his whole system had received a severe shock. With obstinate nerve he endeavoured to get up and walk, but the effort was obviously too great, and they insisted on his lying down again. Mr Hedgley, whose mind had undergone a remarkable change within the hour, hovered around him with an anxiety the sincerity of which was so apparent that even Mr Haskins senior could not find cause for resentment. The picnic had lost its charm for everybody, and there was a general movement towards breaking up. Articles of

clothing of all descriptions were piled into Mr. Hedgley's large express wagon to make a bed for Ben, and very carefully he was taken home. A messenger had already gone for the doctor. Mr. Hedgley and Mr. Haskins walked side by side behind the wagon in which Ben lay, and Mrs. Hedgley and May followed with Mrs. Haskins in the latter's carriage.

Verily, the Hedgley-Haskins embroilment had developed another remarkable complication.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

One fine morning, just after the occurrence of the events last noted, Lawyer White of Berton village entered a carriage at his office-door, and turned the horse's head along the road leading in the direction of Plunkett Settlement.

To explain the purpose of this morning drive it is necessary to go back to the day on which Ben Haskins left home after his disagreement with his father on the marriage question. When he left the house Ben had no definite idea in his mind, but as the condition of affairs gradually took hold of him the thought suddenly struck him that it might be a good idea to consult Lawyer White. He had heard that the lawyer had argued in favour of a settlement, and though that gentleman was engaged to plead Mr. Hedgley's case, Ben thought it possible that his sympathy might be enlisted. For if this lawsuit went on, there was little hope of his own suit for the hand of May Hedgley being favourably regarded by the parents of either. So straight to Berton village he went and placed the whole matter before the lawyer.

'If you kin stop this suit,' said Ben in conclusion, 'I'll see that you're well paid for any trouble you've had so far.'

It so happened that Lawyer White was himself a bachelor, with a slight squint in the direction of matrimony, and Ben's awkward dilemma appealed directly to his sympathy, even if he had not already pronounced against the advisability of the lawsuit in question.

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I'll help you with all my heart. And I think the thing can be done. You and Miss Hedgley are just the lever I want to lift the old fellows out of their obstinacy.'

They talked the whole matter over very cordially together.

'You go home,' counselled the lawyer at last, 'and go on with your work as usual. Don't quarrel with your father or with Mr. Hedgley. And don't try to see Miss Hedgley too often. Leave the matter in my hands. I'll be busy for a day or two, but just as soon as I can I'll take a drive out to the settlement and see what can be done.'

This explains the composure that had caused surprise on the part of Ben's mother when he reached home that night.

In the meantime, the picnic episode had brought about a sudden change in the relations of the two families. Ben's injuries were serious, and he was confined to his bed. On the evening of the accident Mr. Hedgley and Mrs. Hedgley went over to hear the doctor's verdict, and there was no objection when May declared her intention of going also. It was a new experience for all concerned, but this was not a time for the con-

sideration of bygones, or anything else but the condition of the brave fellow who had risked his life and so nearly lost it for the sake of Hedgley's boy. Mr. Haskins could not resent a sympathy that touched him so nearly, and his wife was secretly pleased rather than annoyed at the turn taken in their mutual relations. The happiest of the lot were Ben and May, and the former would have borne more broken bones with equanimity if that were necessary to insure him the satisfaction he now enjoyed. It was pleasant to have May come and sit beside him, as she did very often in the next few days, and feel that there was none to chide her. It was pleasant each evening to see Mr. and Mrs. Hedgley enter the house to which they had so long been strangers, and with genuine sympathy ask concerning his welfare.

But there still remained the shadow of the impending lawsuit. It had not been referred to, either directly or indirectly since the accident, but that did not remove the difficulty. It was with keen satisfaction, therefore, that Ben, on the morning to which reference has already been made, looking through his window along the highway saw the carriage of Lawyer White drive past in the direction of Hedgley's. Just then May came in, and she and Ben discussed with some anxiety the outcome of the lawyer's visit. They were still talking, nearly an hour later, when the carriage returned and entered the gate. The lawyer was not alone. Mr. Hedgley, with an odd expression of mingled doubt and some feeling less easily fathomed, was seated at his side. They got out of the carriage and were joined by Mr. Haskins, and the three moved toward the house. May rose in some trepidation and prepared to go.

'Stay where you are, May,' said Ben, catching her hand. 'I want you to stay.'

She hesitated, looked at Ben, and the love in his eyes constrained her. She sat down again by his side.

The three men entered the room, and at a glance the lawyer knew that he was master of the situation.

'Well, old man,' he said, grasping Ben's hand with a hearty grip. 'You've been making a hero of yourself, I hear. Yes, sir,' he went on, addressing himself this time to Mr. Hedgley and Mr. Haskins, 'it isn't one man in a thousand that would do a thing like that.'

'My daughter,' said Mr. Hedgley, indicating May.

'Ah,' said the lawyer, shaking May warmly by the hand. 'The nurse, I presume.' This with a genial smile. 'I've no doubt he—indicating Ben—gets the best of care. Pray sit down, Miss Hedgley, if you are not afraid of a lawyer.'

'Oh no,' said May, with a laugh and a blush.

'And how are you, old boy?' went on the lawyer. 'Gracious! But you must have nerve. I went down with Mr. Hedgley to see the place. It's worth some broken bones to do a deed like that. Do you suffer much? What's the chief trouble?'

And so the lawyer rattled on, praising Ben, throwing a merry remark in May's direction, not saying anything very serious, but all the time talking straight at the feelings of the two

men who stood there, both uncertain as to the part they should play in this little comedy.

Presently the lawyer rose, winked at Ben, and remarked that he guessed that the young gentleman would be better with his nurse than listening to any further talk. With profuse expressions of hope that Ben would soon be on his feet again, and a profound bow and cordial handshake with May, he turned to go.

The two men went out with him to his carriage, still in that uncertain frame of mind; for he had not mentioned the lawsuit to Mr Hedgley, and Mr Haskins, of course, was in total ignorance of the object of the lawyer's visit.

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer in the blandest tone, when they had reached the carriage, 'you both remember, of course, the meeting in my office not long ago. You remember what I told you then. Now I want to ask you both to remember what has happened since, to look at the fine young couple we just left in that room, and then tell me whether you think it right for you two old neighbours to go on with a lawsuit.'

There was a pause, during which Hedgley and Haskins took a good long look at each other. It was a questioning look, but there was nothing belligerent in the expression.

'Gentlemen,' continued the lawyer, 'I've found out—no matter how—that those two young people want to get married. Now, I don't know much about your settlement, but I'll venture to say there isn't another as fine a pair to be found in these parts.'

This was a double-barrelled compliment, and both charges went to the mark. Both Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins were obviously pleased.

'Which of you,' went on the lawyer, 'is going to stand in the way of their happiness?'

'I'm not,' said Mr Hedgley with a sudden effort.

'Nor me,' echoed Mr Haskins with almost startling promptness.

Each had secretly been waiting for the other to speak.

'And you shouldn't,' declared the lawyer. 'Whether you know it or not, there are very few men with as much grit of the right sort as that young man. His wife will be all right. And if that daughter of yours, Mr Hedgley, isn't one of the kind to make a man happy, I can't read a face.'

'May's a good girl,' said Mr Hedgley with pride.

'Yes,' said Mr Haskins, with a burst of generosity, 'there isn't another as fine a girl in the settlement. I kin tell you that, squire.'

'I've always had a good opinion of Ben,' said Mr Hedgley, not to be outdone, 'but since this here accident, he's been the same to me as if he was my own boy.'

'Then,' said the lawyer, with an irresistible laugh, 'I guess I've lost a job, haven't I?'

'Looks like it,' said Mr Hedgley, with a dubious grin at Haskins.

'Reckon you have, squire,' said Haskins, with a broad smile; and then with a sudden look of serious appeal he held out his hand to Hedgley.

The latter took it with a firm grip and held it.

'That fence,' said Mr Haskins, 'goes back where it was.'

'That fence,' said Mr Hedgley, 'stays where it is, on the land that goes to Ben's wife.'

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer, climbing into his carriage, 'I guess that's the sort of quarrel I can safely leave you to settle.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LAST October brought about the fiftieth anniversary of the first successful use of an anaesthetic in surgery. The blessing conferred upon suffering humanity by this introduction is sufficiently obvious, but there are other advantages which are not so readily apparent. Before ether or chloroform was used, a surgical operation was undertaken solely in the endeavour to save life, or to save a limb; now operations are common wherever benefit to the patient is hoped to be derived from them. Another advantage is the attraction of men to the medical profession who would not, or possibly could not have been able to practise surgery at all under the old conditions which entailed such torture to the patients. 'The pre-anaesthetic surgeon,' says the *Hospital*, 'was often spoken of as a "butcher";' and the term was in those days hardly one of disparagement. Now, thanks entirely to anaesthetics, the surgeon is not a "butcher," but an "artist;" a skilled user of the finest tools—of tools which can be manipulated without any distracting thought, and employed with the calm deliberateness needed to secure the highest possible result to which the scientific conservation of life and structure and function can by any possibility attain.'

Once more public attention is being directed to the danger on our ocean highways of floating derelicts. Quite recently a British steamer reported, according to the law passed last session, having passed a derelict of four thousand tons floating keel upwards in the track of ocean-going steamers. Mr Cuming Macdona, to whose energy the passing of the Derelicts Report Bill is due, has recently pointed out how lethargic the British government has been with regard to this subject, when compared with what the Americans are doing. Mr Macdona has given notice of another bill to be introduced next session, the object of which will be to form an authority to search for these floating dangers of the deep, and to tow them into port, if worth the expense, or to destroy them as the case may be. This course the American government has followed for several years past, in addition to which they have pointed out the position of derelicts as last reported by passing vessels. More than once our government has been approached in order that the two nations may work conjointly in this humane undertaking, but nothing has been done. Mr Macdona is doing useful work in initiating legislation in this much-needed direction.

Attention has been recently called to some curious architectural adornments which are to be

found on the church of St Giles's, Camberwell. It seems that about twelve years ago the restoration of this building was urgently called for in consequence of the action of the weather upon the soft stone employed in the building. Among other renewals, it became necessary to replace a number of gargoyle, which, owing to their exposed position, had altogether perished. Whether with the permission of his superiors we do not know, but the mason employed upon this portion of the work gave his gargoyle the heads of contemporary statesmen, conferring wings upon those with whom he was in sympathy, and horns, long ears, or other degrading features upon their political opponents. Unfortunately the same error with regard to choice of stone seems to have been made in the new work as in the old, and these unique specimens of ecclesiastical ornament are rapidly going the way of their predecessors. Might we suggest to those in charge of all such crumbling specimens of architecture, that they have a chance of trying the virtues of the various stone-hardening compositions which have from time to time been brought forward.

Nearly every city in Britain contains some kind of a museum, and it must be admitted that the collections of natural history objects are not inspiring to the beholder for want of sufficiently descriptive labels. Those who want to know how to remedy this deplorable condition of things should, if possible, pay a visit to the library of St George's, Hanover Square, London, where by the public-spirited action of an anonymous donor, there is at present exhibited a Natural History Collection which it has taken a lifetime to get together and to describe. The collection also includes a library for the use of students, so that any one who wishes information about any particular bird, beast, or shell can get it here, and learn all about it with very little trouble. Everything is explained in a full and yet an explicit manner. For instance, the visitor, instead of being at once 'floored' by columns of long words which convey no meaning to him, is plainly shown how the animal world is classified into twenty-five divisions, and how these again are grouped into five subdivisions. How again these are put into classes. Here is a specimen of the descriptive matter: 'Division I. (the backboned animals) contains Classes 1 to 5—namely (1) Mammals; (2) Birds; (3) Reptiles; (4) Amphibians; (5) Fishes. They are all alike, because they have—(a) an inside framework of bone; (b) a long backbone; (c) a spinal cord; (d) four limbs; (e) red blood; and they are called *backboned animals* (*Vertebrata*).' Any one seeking information is thus as well instructed as if some kindly disposed naturalist walked by his side, and under such pleasant conditions he is encouraged to push his inquiries further.

At a recent meeting of the London Electric Omnibus Company it was stated by the chairman that they had an electric vehicle almost ready to put upon the streets, but that the adoption of improvements had caused some delay in completing it. There would be practically no noise and no vibration in connection with this omnibus, and it was estimated that the current for running it would not cost more than twopence-halfpenny per mile. He put forward the hope that it would be possible to run these horseless carriages at

cheaper fares than those now charged by omnibus companies.

The late Dr Lockhart, who was the first medical missionary sent to China, collected a number of books, printed in Chinese and many other languages, relating to China and neighbouring countries, and these volumes he presented to the London Missionary Society. From a catalogue recently made of this interesting library, it would appear that there are two thousand volumes, and a large number of pamphlets. The books include some not found in any other library, and one of which no other copy is known to exist even in China itself. This is an illustrated work on the aboriginal tribes of the empire. There is also a wonderful Chinese geography which in its statements, supposed to be matters of fact, quite outdoes the imaginings of either *Gulliver's Travels* or that equally veracious voyager *Baron Munchausen*. The book is entitled *Shan-Hai-King* (The Hills and the Seas), and describes the different nations of the earth as being distinguished by men with three faces, by dwarfs, by one-armed beings, and by creatures which are half-man and half-fish. But the most curious attribute ascribed to any nation is that in which the population have holes right through their chests, so that a pole can be thrust therein and they can be carried about palanquin fashion. The Rev. C. G. Sparham of Hankow, in describing this collection of Chinese works, asserts that the book just referred to had been seriously quoted to him by Chinese scholars.

The busy bee has always been held up to the admiration of mankind as the type of industry, and the product of his unceasing labours, the fragrant honey from the hive, has been regarded as one of the few delicacies left to us which could not be tampered with by a trick of trade, or imitated by the wiles of chemistry. But alas! this is not so. It is said that imitation honey, made from starch, sugar, Indian corn doctored with sulphuric acid, and from sugar and dextrine, is now placed upon the market, and that it is very difficult to distinguish it from the genuine article.

A very interesting account of the turquoise mines at Nishapur is given in a recent report of the British Vice-Consul at Meshed, as a result of a personal visit to the district. On approaching the mines from Nishapur (Northern Persia) the traveller first comes to the villages inhabited by the miners, which are about five thousand feet above the sea-level, but the hill, at the foot of which the mines are situated, is one thousand feet higher still. The works are of the most primitive description. The Reish mine, which is the principal one, has its entrance in a hollowed out cave, in which is a shaft forty feet deep. At the mouth of this hole two men turn with their bare feet a rickety windlass by which the broken rock is hauled up from below in sheepskin bags. These stones are then broken with hammers by natives who sit at the mouth of the cave, and when a turquoise is found, it is placed aside in its rough state and sent to Meshed. Stones of perfect form and colour are very rare, and even if one presents the correct colour when first taken from the mine, it will soon deteriorate, and will sometimes exhibit a kind of eruption of white spots. But the stones are eagerly bought, for all Orientals value them, and even the poor people

will have one set in a tin ring, possibly more as an amulet or talisman than for the intrinsic value of the stone. But those who wish to possess a really good specimen never think of buying until they have kept the stone for some days in order to see whether its beauty is evanescent or permanent. The stones when cut in Meshed rise in value about one thousand per cent., but the consul states that turquoises are at present far cheaper to buy at Tiflis and Constantinople; moreover, in the latter towns it is possible to get stones which have been in stock for many years, and can therefore be considered more trustworthy than those freshly mined.

Another interesting consular report which has recently come to hand is that of the late Mr. Emslie, who was British Consul at Hiogo, Japan. In one section of this document we have the healthy experience of seeing ourselves as others see us, for it includes a summary of a series of articles appearing in a Japanese paper on the subject of the commercial competition between Great Britain and the land of the chrysanthemum. From this we learn that the day has for ever gone when Japan found it necessary to depend upon other countries, and a new day has dawned when she can supply them with her own manufactures. She no longer needs instruction from Europe and America, but will now teach them many things. At one time she stood in awe of those countries; now they fear her. Japanese coal and the Osaka spinning-mills have become sources of anxiety to Welsh coal-owners and Lancashire mill-proprietors. The manufactures of Japan now threaten what has been a British monopoly on all sides, and hence England feels jealous and is afraid of Japan, and so on *ad infinitum*. From all which it would seem that the result of the recent war with China has made the Japanese somewhat boastful. Perhaps their military and naval tactics have been a little too warmly praised by Western nations, and they have been thus flattered into a very inflated opinion of themselves. That the war was conducted with consummate tact, every one must admit, but at the same time it must be remembered that Japan's antagonist was not a first-class power; if she had been, results might have been a little different.

The charming art of miniature painting, which was so seriously threatened when the wonders of the photographic camera first became evident, and every one rushed to have his or her likeness pictured by the sun, is, we are glad to note, still alive—as visitors to the last Royal Academy exhibition, where about one hundred examples were shown, are well aware. A more recent exhibition of these tiny pictures on ivory or vellum has been opened in London under the auspices of the Society of Miniature Painters, a body of enthusiastic workers formed in the interests of this branch of art. This is their first exhibition, and so many excellent works were shown that we may be sure the experiment will be repeated in future years.

Fifteen years ago, Darwin—in a letter to Alexander Agassiz—alluding to the different theories with regard to the formation of coral islands, wrote: 'I wish that some doubly rich millionaire would take it into his head to have borings made in some of the Pacific and Indian atolls, and bring

home cores for slicing from a depth of 500 feet or 600 feet.' Scientific men have pondered much over this remark of the great naturalist, and at last, by the help of a government grant and a contribution from the Royal Society, with colonial co-operation, Darwin's wish is to be realised. An expedition has gone to Funafuti, one of the group of the Ellice Islands north of the Fiji Islands; and by the aid of diamond drills the coral is to be pierced and cores obtained as Darwin suggested. Early investigators believed that the coral rock was composed of living coral down to the sea-bottom, but it has long ago been determined that the polyp cannot live at a greater depth than ninety feet. Next it was imagined that the reefs were built on the crater tops of submerged volcanoes, a mere idle supposition. The only way to get at the secret is to bore through the living and dead coral, so as to get at the foundation of the growth. The island selected is under British protection. The great difficulty is the want of fresh water, without which boring operations are impossible: but it has been met by chemical treatment of the salt water employed in washing out the bore hole. The New South Wales government have lent special machinery and men to work it, and H.M. gunboat *Penguin* is deputed to look after the interests of the expedition.

That form of 'matter in the wrong place' which comes under the head of household dust has always been a nuisance, and the usual plan of removing it from furniture and carpets by brush and broom only results in its transference from one resting-place to another, its translation being accompanied with grave discomfort to the human respiratory apparatus. Nor do we know how far the dormant germs of disease may not be aroused by the constantly recurring process called dusting. With a view to mitigate these discontents, there has lately been introduced 'Harvey's pneumatic dusting machine,' of which we are inclined to have a high opinion. The machine consists of a small box on wheels, with a suction bellows attached which can easily be worked by moving a hand-lever to and fro. In connection with the bellows is an india-rubber tube which can be carried to any part of a room and applied to dust-choked places. When the bellows are worked, a strong draught of air is sucked inwards through the tube, and the dust is dragged with it, and carried to a calico bag inside the box, which can be emptied and cleaned periodically. In like manner dust can be *pulled out* of carpets, book-shelves and books can be relieved of their accumulated dirt atoms without removal, cracks and crevices can be made to yield up their stores of uncleanness, and the entire process carried out without polluting the air. We understand that the Harvey machines are being adopted with great benefit at many public libraries. Mr. Harvey's address is Kidderminster, England.

Many years ago some harebrained individual offered one of the English railway companies a large sum of money if they would consent to run two locomotives into one another at express speed in order that he might witness the resulting smash. His offer was of course refused. But the idea was recently revived by a railway company in Texas, who wanted funds for new engines

and rolling stock, and hit upon the happy notion of smashing up their old stock in order to pay for new. A pre-arranged collision between two heavy trains was advertised for September last, and the novelty attracted a crowd of twenty-five thousand persons, who paid handsomely for their admission tickets. On the day appointed the trains were started a mile apart, the engine-drivers jumping off directly they had opened the throttle valves. The trains met with an awful crash, both boilers exploding at the same moment, and projecting a mass of splinters and wreckage in every direction. There were two deaths in the crowd, and many cases of serious injury; and possibly, when all claims for compensation are settled, the railway company will not find much of their ill-gotten gains left. The enterprise was, to say the least of it, an indecent pandering to morbid excitement for the sake of gain, and no useful end could be looked for from it save the gate-money.

In more than one respect the recent polar expedition under Nansen differed from its predecessors, especially in the comforts provided for the crew. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the good ship *Fram* carried apparatus for generating the electric light, the motive power being a windmill, and the electricity stored by means of accumulators. The machinery worked perfectly until parts of it wore out, and other portions were urgently required for the manufacture of snow-shoes and runners. According to a Danish paper, from which we take these particulars, on festive occasions an arc lamp was hung in the saloon, and the light given was so good that Dr Nansen frequently employed it for painting and photographing. The accumulator cells, which, we may remind our readers, consist of square vessels filled with acidulated water and holding leaden plates, were often frozen through, but this accident did not interfere with their working. Electricity was also usefully employed in this expedition for firing mining cartridges embedded in the ice. In this way was the solid mass broken through, and the *Fram* set free.

SQUIRE THORPE'S BOTANY.

By W. E. CULE.

SQUIRE THORPE of Old Bevis lost all interest in the garden-party when a certain pink blouse vanished from the scene. Even tennis failed to charm, and he would have been content to forego the further pleasures of the gathering and ride home in no better company than that of his own thoughts. But he had promised to wait for Adams, and it would hardly look well, after all, to run away so early.

He joined his host, who was smoking a lazy cigar under the elm. Sir John would probably be able to tell him something more concerning the pink blouse than he had been able to gather from the ordinary process of introduction.

'Tired of tennis?' suggested the baronet lazily; 'rather warm game on a day like this.'

'Yes,' assented Thorpe; 'it's very pleasant though, when you are playing with nice people.'

He had touched the subject rather rashly, but Sir John was quite unsuspecting.

'I suppose so,' was his careless reply. 'Nice people are always pleasant in that way. You would find it different though if you had to entertain them. I don't mean the people we are familiar with, of course—they're all right; but it's another thing with strangers.'

Strangers! The pink blouse was certainly a stranger in the district.

'One has to know people's interests and find out what they like to talk about,' went on Sir John, fortunately blind to his companion's only half-concealed impatience to hear more. 'And there's the rub. Some folks go in for the most unearthly subjects, and of course one must pretend to know something about them. For instance, now, did you notice that girl in the pink blouse, who came with the Hamptons, and went away a few minutes ago?'

'Eh? Do you mean Miss—Miss Polwarth?' asked Thorpe, with sublime unconcern.

'That's the name. A nice-looking girl enough. She belongs to the Polwarths of Polwarth, a good old Cornish family, though not as well off now as it used to be. But that girl is a girl with a "subject," if you like—and what do you think? She's a lecturer—actually a lecturer upon it!'

'What?—the Rights of Woman?' asked Thorpe, slightly startled.

'Worse than that,' said the baronet gloomily; 'we all know something of that subject by this time. But her fad is Botany, if you please—Botany! and she lectures at a ladies' college. What ordinary man can talk botany?'

Thorpe made no answer. He suddenly became aware that botany had never been included in his studies.

'When people go in deeply for that kind of thing,' continued Sir John, 'they naturally like to talk about it. What interest do you think that girl would find in the ordinary chatter of a gathering like this?'

'Great Scott!' muttered Thorpe, 'and I talked to her myself for an hour about nothing! She didn't seem to mind it, but she must have been bored to death.'

'Of course she must,' said his host, who had failed to catch more than the last words of the remark. 'No doubt that was why she went away so early. But what can be done in such a case as that?'

Thorpe, pondering the matter with mingled feelings of mortification, amusement, and disgust, could easily have suggested a few things that might have been done. But at that moment the baronet was called away, and he was left alone with his suggestions.

'It's a shame,' he thought savagely. 'It's a shame to let a fellow put his foot in it like that. People with fads ought to be labelled or classified. Or why shouldn't there be a list of them and their "subjects" on the back of the invitation card? One would have some chance then—she was a nice girl though!'

Here he fell into a troubled reverie, in which the same pink blouse played no small part. This mood remained with him during the remainder of the day, and Adams of the Grange found him but an absent-minded companion on the ride home.

As he passed through the hall on his way to the library he noticed the *Field* lying upon a

table, and, suddenly remembering that matters botanical sometimes received attention in that journal, he took it with him for examination at his leisure.

The yachting columns were passed over with hardly a glance, for probably the first time; the curiosities in Notes and Queries failed to attract him, and he did not pause even to read an account of the Match for the Gold Prize, under the head of Tennis. These things were not for the Squire to-day, and he was not satisfied until he reached what were to him the deeper waters of the Garden Column.

An hour later he went into the grounds and interviewed the gardener. Jenkyns was an old man who had spent long and easy years under the Thorpes, for the squires of Old Bevis had for generations been noted rather as mighty hunters than as patrons of horticulture. That there was a certain amount of garden, and certain convenient conservatories and shrubberies, had been quite enough for the late Squire, and, until to-day, quite enough for his successor. So Jenkyns had been allowed to sleep in peace, and now the old man stared in surprise to find himself rudely awakened.

For the Squire had suddenly developed an intense interest in things horticultural. He led his man under the glass and among the beds, through the shrubs and into the forcing houses. He worried him for scientific names and flowering seasons, startled him with harsh, heart-breaking criticisms, and finally made him admit that the Old Bevis gardens were far from equal to those at Sir John Pinder's, or even those at the Grange.

'You see, sir,' said the old man in plaintive explanation; 'your uncle, the Squire that was, took no sort of interest in flowers and such, and never cared a jot whether he had a garden or not. I've wanted to make improvements, such as taking in part of the south lawn for shrubs, and building a new rose-house. But lor, sir, it was no manner of use to him, and that's why I've never gone in much for the latest things, such as you be speaking of now.'

'Well, we must change all that,' declared the Squire in a decided tone. 'You can brighten up the place at once, and I'll give you a list of the things I wish you to get in this week. There's no time to be lost.'

'Very good, sir,' was Jenkyns's ready reply. 'I'll set things a-moving straight off.'

The Squire strolled back to the house, his journal under his arm. Jenkyns stood for a moment at the door of the greenhouse, watching his master's retreating form with a wondering expression in his eyes. He was beginning to recover from the unexpected attack.

'It's full time, though,' he muttered, with growing satisfaction. 'It's full time. Let him just give me a chance, and I'll soon show that chap at the Grange what I can do.'

And already he saw a glorious vision of himself as head of a garden compared with which even Sir John's would be insignificant, and commander of a staff of sturdy under-gardeners whom he should rule with a rod of iron.

During the next few weeks Squire Thorpe spent an uncertain amount of time each day in the study of botany, or, to be precise, that branch of it represented in the Manor gardens. It is

true, in spite of the astonishing progress he made that the study was a weariness to his soul, and that he frequently felt inclined to throw both Jenkyns and his flowers into the limbo of things neglected. But the thought of a pink blouse, and an occasional meeting with its owner, nerved him to the odious task and bordered all his hours of pain with rosy hope.

He did not tell her of his efforts. His sister, at his request, was issuing invitations for a large garden-party at Old Bevis, and he had determined to wait that occasion before he attempted to delight Miss Polwarth with his newly-acquired knowledge of her 'subject.' What was the use, he asked himself savagely, to go and bore the girl with his ignorance when her soul was thirsting for wise converse with one of kindred tastes. Better far to wait until he could prove that he had, for her sake, toiled for and gained a footing in those realms where she held so high a place.

Miss Polwarth was surprised at his reserve. She thought a great deal more of Thorpe than she would have admitted even to herself, and one of her pleasantest memories was that hour at Sir John Pinder's, when the Squire had, as he now thought, tired her with the ordinary gossip of new acquaintances. She had looked forward with a strange feeling of anticipation to meeting him again, only to find that he had become silent and reserved, and to perceive that he thought fit, for some reason unknown, to be on his guard while speaking to her. Thus she wondered, and all the advantages of higher education could not save her the natural mortification which a sensitive and sweet-natured girl must feel in such a case.

But the Squire's day came at last, with all the best aspects of wind, weather, and circumstances. He saw the Old Bevis grounds bright once more with fair women and brave men, and rejoiced to find that his studies had not been in vain. Jenkyns, spurred on by his master's interest, suggestions, and criticism, and supported by an able temporary staff, had done wonders, and many who remembered the gardens in the old days made complimentary remarks with reference to the changes apparent everywhere. Thorpe listened with mingled elation and anxiety, thinking only of Her.

The Hamptons came, and their guest with them, but the afternoon had almost passed in introductions, welcomes, and other necessities before the Squire found his opportunity. Then, leaving all duty in his sister's able hands, he slipped away to Miss Polwarth's side.

'I should like to take you over the gardens,' he said eagerly. 'Perhaps you could help me a little in one or two things. You are such an authority, you know.'

The lecturer assented, though not with the alacrity of one who is about to revel in her pet subject. The Squire noticed her manner.

'She thinks I'm going to bore her with gossip,' he thought proudly. 'Wait a little while though.'

On their way across the lawn he paused to exhibit a shrub which was one of his recent importations.

'I suppose you know this,' he said easily. '*Meipilus Smithi*—a splendid thing. It is sometimes classed with the thorns, and called *Crataegus*

Lobata. It looks very pretty in flower—rich green leaves and pure white blossoms. It isn't very well known yet.'

The Squire had carefully rehearsed every sentence during the morning, and felt, justly, that he had begun well. Nor was he disheartened to observe that Miss Polwarth did not seem to brighten all at once. She simply made some polite remark and followed to the rose-garden.

'You like roses?' he asked sympathetically. 'I have given them some attention this year. Have you seen this? *Augustine Guinoiseau*, or the White la France. Is it not charming with its freedom of growth and bloom, its delicious fragrance and purity? See that lovely trace of pink in the centre of the full white flower.'

Miss Polwarth could not have guessed that Thorpe's eloquence came direct from the *Field*, yet she did not show any signs of being impressed.

'It is very pretty,' she agreed, without the least enthusiasm. 'You seem to take a delight in—'

'I do,' said Thorpe, unconsciously interrupting in his eagerness to tell her all he knew before he forgot it. See this—the *Rose Gustave Piganeau*. It is quite new, and one of the most promising recent additions to the hybrid perpetuals. When in full flower it is of very large size and depth, the petals being broad and robust, and composing a bloom of remarkably massive character. Mark the velvety lustre on the centre petals. This is a new variety, but it is very popular already.'

Miss Polwarth was impressed at last; but not in the way he had expected. There was more of surprise than admiration in her look, and he could almost have imagined that he saw the faintest shadow of disappointment. But, still confident, he put his fancy aside and passed on.

It must be admitted that the Squire did very well during the next half hour, and he was too eager in the performance of his task to notice his companion's fading interest. He had really almost lost sight of the patient-faced girl beside him, and only knew that he was paying his court to the Lecturer on Botany at St Mary's Hall, and paying it, too, in the way which should please her best.

At length he reached the end of his lesson, pausing before a fine orchid. It stood in a small greenhouse which had been set apart for its accommodation, and was a splendid specimen of its class.

'This is a thing you will like,' said the Squire, with a warmth which he did not feel. 'A harmony in gold and bronze. Observe the rich golden petals, and the wavy yellow sepals so delicately tinged with bronze, while the small triangular lip, as you perceive, is golden, with a purple border and white throat.'

'It is very fine. What is it called?' asked Miss Polwarth.

What was it called! The Squire knew well enough, for had he not pored over that orchid paragraph until not only the long Latin name, and the general characteristics which he had recited so glibly, but the very plant itself seemed to be impressed upon his brain. Had he not paid a heavy price and taken immense trouble to obtain this specimen for this special occasion? Yet at the Lecturer's simple question he lost his

mental equilibrium, and the name of the orchid vanished from his memory.

The words had been so unexpected. His impression was that she could have identified at a glance any specimen in the plant creation, having all the titles and characteristics as it were at her finger-ends. He could not know that Botany and Floriculture were subjects which she would have been glad to banish for a time from the realm of things spoken of, for during the past month they had haunted her to the limit of her patience. She had been the victim of every noodle in the vicinity who thought himself a lover of flowers, and of an innumerable host of people like Sir John Pinder, who honestly believed it their duty to converse with her upon the subject with which she was most familiar. Life had become a burden under those distresses, and she would have left the Hamptons a week before but for one thing. Now even this one thing had turned upon her, and the afternoon to which she had looked forward so eagerly had been invaded by her plague. Oh, Botany, Botany, Botany!

So her question had been the last effort of failing patience, and she waited listlessly for the answer.

'It is called'—began the Squire slowly. He could not remember the name, but he must not fail at this last moment. She did not seem to know the plant—perhaps anything in Latin would pass.

'It is called,' he said, 'the *Aurora Borealis*—the far-famed *Aurora Borealis*. You must have heard of it.'

The effect of his words was startling. The Lecturer looked quickly into his face and seemed to perceive at once the meaning of it all—the secret of his late reserve, his portentous gravity to-day, his conduct among the roses—all crowned by this last insult. She had heard of men who thought it their duty to jest at the expense of educated women, and this was one!

'How dare you, Mr Thorpe?' she cried angrily, but with a curious break in her voice. Then, before he could recover from his astonishment, she had turned.

'Good gracious, Miss Botany—I mean Miss Polwarth!'—and in his eagerness the Squire put forth his hand to detain her. 'What is the matter? I forgot the thingamy's name, that's all—quite forgot it, really I did!'

Near the door stood a garden-seat, placed there for the convenience of the orchid's visitors. Miss Polwarth reached it, but could get no farther. As she sank into it Thorpe caught a glance of a flushed and indignant face—then a tiny lace handkerchief appeared.

'Good Lord!' cried the Squire in dismay, 'what have I done?'

It seemed a long time before she could be convinced, but at last his protestations and explanations—he even took the *Field* from his pocket to discover the correct name of that confounded orchid—took effect. The Lecturer spoke, still from behind the handkerchief.

'Do you mean it? I—I thought you were laughing at me, be—because I lecture on botany. Everybody seems to talk about it, and now I—now I hate it, that I do!'

'Do you, by Jove?' cried the Squire, amazed.
'So do I. And I got it up just to please you!'

There was a moment's awkward silence, during which he drew nearer, and in his agitation even bent over the arm of the seat.

'You hate it?' he said nervously. 'Of course you do. How can you help it? And I've been boring you all the time. But it was all Sir John's fault, and you'll forgive me, won't you?'

Another brief silence, which did more for the Squire than all his talk of roses. Then a flushed face appeared from behind that tiny square of lace, and a very tremulous voice answered him.

'It was all a mistake then—and there is nothing to forgive. Of course, you could not guess how tired I was of—of being botanised!'

'Of course not,' emphatically. 'Only wish I knew! How I must have worried you. But—I say now, if you are really tired of botany—if you are?—

The Squire paused, fearing that he was going too far. Yet Miss Polwarth's face did not forbid him to speak. It was flushed and rosy, indeed, but not with the flush of anger. He went on :

'If you are really tired of it, why—why need you ever go back to it? I—'

But there. What passed in the greenhouse after that fateful pause was strictly private and confidential, and I can only whisper that the great Orchid was shamefully neglected. It could see, of course, but it is to be presumed that it considerably looked the other way, and its sense of hearing was of small service. For after a few short, eager questions, followed slowly by soft, half-spoken replies, the voices sank into murmurs, the murmurs into whispers, and the whispers into a long, happy silence.

'Confound botany!' cried a voice, ten minutes later. The exclamation was followed by a light, ringing laugh, very reprehensible certainly in the Lecturer at St Mary's Hall, but perhaps excusable in the future lady of Old Bevis. It was also followed by something white, which flew through the doorway, hovered a moment in the air, and fell among the rhododendrons. It might have been a sheet of the *Field*.

Jenkyns, pottering among the shrubs next morning, picked it up and opened it. He read a paragraph or two, and shook his head.

'It's botany,' he murmured slowly. 'I guess the Squire's been and dropped it.'

He was right in more senses than one; but he could not know that when that sheet had fallen

his own prospects of a magnificent garden and a noble staff of assistants had vanished into the unsearchable distance.

THE LITTLE OLD CLERK.

THE little old clerk is thin and gray,
And his coat is shiny at every seam;
His hat belongs to a long-past day,
And his boots are patched, 'neath the blacking's
gleam.

'Shabby-genteel,' or scarcely that,
The passers-by dub him, with vulgar scorn—
That little old clerk, in the napless hat,
The faded coat and the boots so worn.

The little old clerk, from ten till five,
With a slight respite for a meal between,
Sits writing on, in a human hive,
The busiest bee 'mong the drones, I ween.
Smart young fellows, in well-made suits,
(His fellow-clerks) sneer, with a scornful eye,
At the faded coat and the old patched boots,
And ask him if better he cannot buy.

The little old clerk takes his napless hat
From off its peg, when his toil is o'er,
Brushes the coat that they all sneer at,
Then, with patient smile, passes through the door.
Twenty long years he a clerk has been
In that office dim—yet no higher goes;
Many placed over his head he's seen—
The old clerk's passed by in his shabby clothes.

The little old clerk, in the evening's gloom,
Enters his cottage, with anxious eyes;
Some simple blossoms brighten the room;
A crippled form on the sofa lies.
As a sister's lips to his own are pressed—
(The one for whom shabby through life he goes)—
He thanks God that he with her love is blessed,
The little old clerk in his faded clothes!

ELSIE HARRINGTON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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A NEW NOVEL MY LORD DUKE

BY

E. W. HORNUNG

Author of *A Bride from the Bush*, &c.

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